

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



PASSING AN ICEBERG.

CEDAR CREEK;
FROM THE SHANTY TO THE SETTLEMENT.

A TALE OF CANADIAN LIFE.
CHAPTER II.—CROSSING "THE FERRY."

ROBERT WYNN returned home to Dunore, having gained nothing by his London trip but a little of that bitter though salutary tonic called Experience. His resolve did not waver: nay, it became his day-

dream; but manifold obstacles occurred in the attempt to realize it. Family pride was one of the most stubborn; and not until all hope from home resources was at an end, did his father give consent.

About a month after his meeting with Hiram Holt in the London coffee-house, he and his brother Arthur found themselves on board a fine emigrant vessel, passing down the river Lee into Cork har-

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

bour, under the leadership of a little black steam-tug. Grievous had been the wailing of the passengers at parting with their kinsfolk on the quay; but, somewhat stilled by this time, they leaned in groups on the bulwarks, or were squatted about on deck among their infinitude of red boxes and brilliant tins, watching the villa-whitened shores gliding by rapidly. Only an occasional vernacular ejaculation, such as "Oh wirra, wirra!" or, "Och hone, mavrone!" betokened the smouldering remains of emotion in the frieze coats and gaudy shawls assembled for'ard: the wisest of the party were arranging their goods and chattels 'tween-decks, where they must encamp for a month or more; but the majority, with truly Celtic providence, will wait till they are turned down at nightfall, and have a general scramble in the dusk.

Now the noble Cove of Cork stretches before them, a sheet of glassy water, dotted with a hundred sail, from the base of the sultry hill faced with terraces and called Queenstown, to the far Atlantic beyond the Heads. Heavy and dark loom the fortified government buildings of Haulbowline and the prisons of Spike Island, casting forbidding shadows on the western margin of the tide. Quickly the steam-tug and her follower thread their way among islets and moored barques and guardships, southward to the sea. No pause anywhere; the passengers of the brig "Ocean Queen" are shut up in a world of their own for a while; yet they do not feel the bond with mother country quite severed till they have cleared the last cape, and the sea-line lies wide in view; nor even then, till the little black tug casts off the connecting cables, and rounds away back across the bar, within the jaws of the bay.

Hardly a breath of breeze: but such as blows is favourable; and with infinite creaking all sail is set. The sound wakes up emigrant sorrow afresh; the wildly-contagious Irish cry is raised, much to the discomposure of the captain, who stood on the quarter-deck with Robert Wynn.

"The savages! they will be fitting mates for Red Indians, and may add a stave or two to the war-whoop. One would think they were all going to the bottom immediately." He walked forward to quell the noise, if possible, but he might as well have stamped and roared at Niagara. Not a voice cared for his threats or his rage, but those within reach of his arm. The choleric little man had to come back baffled.

"Masther Robert, would ye like 'em to stop?" whispered a great hulking peasant who had been looking on; "for if ye would, I'll do it while ye'd be taking a pinch o' snuff."

Andy Callaghan disappeared somewhere for a moment, and presently emerged with an old violin, which he began to scrape vigorously. Even his tuning was irresistibly comical; and he had not been playing a lively jig for ten minutes, before two or three couples were on their feet, performing the figure. Soon an admiring circle, four deep, collected about the dancers. The sorrows of the exiles were effectually diverted, for that time.

"A clever fellow," quoth the captain, regarding Andy's red head and twinkling eyes with some

admiration. "A diplomatic tendency, Mr. Wynn, which may be valuable. Your servant, I presume?"

"A former tenant of my father's, who wished to follow our fortunes," replied Robert. "He's a faithful fellow, though not much more civilized than the rest."

That grand ocean bluff, the Old Head of Kinsale, was now in the offing, and misty ranges of other promontories beyond, at whose base was perpetual foam. Robert turned away with a sigh, and descended to the cabins. In the small square box allotted to them, he found Arthur lying in his berth, reading Mrs. Traill's "Emigrant's Guide."

"I've been wondering what became of you; you've not been on deck since we left Cork."

"Of course not. I should have been blubbering like a school-boy; and, as I had enough of that last night, I mean to stay here till we're out of sight of land."

Little trace of the stoicism he professed was to be seen in the tender eyes which had for an hour been fixed on the same page; but Arthur was not yet sufficiently in manhood's years to know that deep feeling is an honour, and not a weakness.

Towards evening, the purple mountain ranges of Kerry were fast fading over the waters; well-known peaks, outlines familiar from childhood to the dwellers at Dunore, were sinking beneath the great circle of the sea. Cape Clear is left behind, and the lonely Fassnet lighthouse; the "Ocean Queen" is coming to the blue water, and the long solemn swell raises and sinks her with isochronous vibration.

"Ah, then, Masther Robert, an' we're done wid the poor ould counthry for good an' all!" Andy Callaghan's big bony hands are clasped in a tremor of emotion that would do honour to a picturesque Italian exile. "The beautiful ould counthry, as has the greenest grass that ever grew, an' the clearest water that ever ran, an' the purtiest girls in the wide world! An' we're goin' among strangers, to pull an' dhrag for our bit to ate; but we'll never be happy till we see them blue hills and green fields once more!"

Mr. Wynn could almost have endorsed the sentiment just then. Perhaps Andy's low spirits were intensified by the uncomfortable motion of the ship, which was beginning to strike landsmen with that rolling headache, the sure precursor of a worse visitation. Suffice it to say, that the mass of groaning misery in the steerage and cabins, on the subsequent night, would melt the heart of any but the most hardened "old salt." Did not Robert and Arthur regret their emigration bitterly, when shaken by the fangs of the fell demon, sea-sickness? Did not a chance of going to the bottom seem a trivial calamity? Answer, ye who have ever been in like pitiful case. We draw a curtain over the abject miseries of three days; over the Dutch-built captain's unseasonable joking and huge laughter—he, that could eat junk and biscuit if the ship was in Maelstrom! Robert could have thrown his boots at him with pleasure, while the short, broad figure stood in the doorway during his diurnal visit, chewing tobacco, and talking of all the times he had

crossed "the ferry," as he familiarly designated the Atlantic Ocean. The sick passengers, to a man, bore him an animosity, owing to his ostentatiously rude health and iron nerves, which is, of all exhibitions, the most oppressive to a prostrate victim of the sea-fiend.

The third evening, an altercation became audible on the companion-ladder, as if some ship's officer was keeping back somebody else who was determined to come below.

"That's Andy Callaghan's voice," said Arthur.

"Let me down, will ye, to see the young masters?" came muffled through the doors and partition. "Look here, now"—in a coaxing tone—"I don't like to be cross; but though I'm so bad after the sickness, I'd set ye back in your little hole there at the fut of the stairs as asy as I'd put a snail in its shell."

At this juncture Robert opened their state-room door, and prevented further collision. Andy's lean figure had become gaunter than ever.

"They thought to keep me from seeing ye, the villains! I'd knock every mother's son of 'em into the middle o' next week afore I'd be kep' away. Sure I was comin' often enough before, but the dint of the sickness prevented me; an' other times I was chucked about like a child's marvel, pitched over an' hether by the big waves banging the side of the vessel. Masther Robert, ashore, it's I that's shaking in the middle of my iligant new frieze shute like a withered pea in a pod—I'm got so thin intirely."

"We are not much better ourselves," said Arthur, laughing; "but I hope the worst of it is over."

"I'd give the full of my pockets in goold, if I had it this minit," said Andy, with great emphasis, "to set me foot on the nakedest sod of bog that's in Ould Ireland this day! an' often I abused it; but throth, the purtiest sight in life to me would be a good pratie-field, an' meself walkin' among the ridges!"

"Well, Andy, we mustn't show the white feather in that way; we could not expect to get to America without being sick, or suffering some disagreeabilities."

"When yer honours are satisfied, 'tisn't for the likes of me to grumble," Andy said resignedly. "Only if everybody knew what was before them, they mightn't do many a thing, maybe!"

"Very true, Andy."

"So we're all sayin' down in the steerage, sir. But oh, Masther Robert, I a'most forgot to tell ye, account of that spalpeen that thought to hindher yer own foster-brother from comin' to see ye; but there's the most wondherful baste out in the say this minit; an' it's spoutin' up water like the fountain that used to be at Dunore, only a power bigger; an' lyin' a-top of the waves like an island, for all the world! I'm thinkin' he wouldn't make much of cranching up the ship like a hazel nut."

"A whale! I wonder will they get out the boats!" said Arthur, with sudden animation. "I think I'm well enough to go on deck, Bob: I'd like to have a shot at the fellow."

"A very useless expenditure of powder," rejoined Robert. But Arthur, boylike, sprang upstairs with

the rifle, which had often done execution among the wildfowl of his native moorlands. Certainly it was a feat to hit such a prominent mark as that mountain of blubber; and Arthur felt justly ashamed of himself, when the animal beat the water furiously, and dived headlong in his pain.

Now, the only other cabin passengers on board the brig were a retired military officer and his family, consisting of a son and two daughters. They had made acquaintance with the Wynns on the first day of the voyage, but since then there had been a necessary suspension of intercourse. And it was a certain mild but decided disapproval in Miss Armytage's grave glance, when Arthur turned round from his successful shot, and saw her sitting on the poop with her father and little sister, which brought the colour to his cheek. Not feeling disposed to encounter any words, he bowed and moved farther away. But Robert joined them, and passed half an hour very contentedly in gazing at a grand sunset.

The closing act of which was as follows: a dense black brow of cloud on the margin of the sea; beneath it burst a flaming bolt of light from the sun's great eye, along the level waters. Far in the zenith were broad beams radiating across other clouds, like golden pathways. Slowly the dark curtain seemed to close down over the burning glory at the horizon. "How very beautiful!" exclaimed Miss Armytage.

"Yes, my dear Edith, except as a weather barometer," said her father. "In that point of view it means—storm."

"Oh, papa!" ejaculated the little girl, nestling close—not to him, but to her elder sister, whose hand instantly clasped hers with a reassuring pressure, while the quiet face looked down at the perturbed child, smiling sweetly. It was almost the first smile Robert had seen on her face; it made Miss Armytage quite handsome for the moment, he thought.

Miss Armytage, caring very little for his thought, was occupied an instant with saying something in a low tone to Jay, which gradually brightened the small countenance again. Robert caught the words, "Our dear Saviour." They reminded him of his mother.

Captain Armytage was correct in his prediction; before midnight a fierce north-easter was raging on the sea. The single beneficial result was, that it fairly cured all maladies but terror; for, after clinging to their berths during some hours with every muscle of their bodies, lest they should be swung off and smashed in the lurches of the vessel, the passengers arose next morning, well and hungry.

"I spind the night on me head, mostly," said Andy Callaghan. "Troth, I never knew before how the flies managed to walk on the ceilin' back downwards; but a thrifle more o' practice would tache it to meself, for half me time the floor was above at the rafters over me head. I donno rightly how to walk on my feet the day after it."

This was the only bad weather they experienced, as viewed nautically: even the captain allowed that it had been "a stiffish gale;" but subsequent

tumults of the winds and waves, which seemed tremendous to unsophisticated landmen, were to him mere ocean frolics. And so, while each day the air grew colder, they neared the banks of Newfoundland, where everybody who could devise fishing-tackle tried to catch the famous cod of those waters. Arthur was one of the successful captors, having spent a laborious day in the main-chains for the purpose. At eventide he was found teaching little Jay how to hold a line, and how to manage when a bite came. Her mistakes and her delight amused him: both lasted till a small panting fish was pulled up.

"There's a whiting for you now," said he, "all of your own catching."

Jay looked at it regretfully, as the poor little gills opened and shut in vain efforts to breathe the smothering air, and the pretty silver colouring deadened as its life went. "I am very sorry," she said, folding her hands together; "it was God's little fish. I ought not to have killed it only to amuse myself:" and she walked away to where her sister was sitting.

"What a strange child!" thought Arthur, as he watched the little figure crossing the deck. But he wound up the tackle, and angled no more for that evening.

The calm was next day deepened by a fog; a dense haze settled on the sea, seeming by sheer weight to still its restless motion. Now was the skipper much more perturbed than during the rough weather: wrapt in a mighty pea-coat, he kept a perpetual look-out in person, chewing his tobacco meanwhile as if he bore it an animosity. Frequent gatherings of drift-ice passed, and at times ground together with a disagreeably strong sound. An intense chill pervaded the atmosphere—a cold unlike what Robert or Arthur had ever felt in the frosts of Ireland, it was so much more keen and penetrating.

"The captain says it is from icebergs," said the latter, drawing up the collar of his great-coat about his ears, as they walked the deck. "I wish we saw one—at a safe distance, of course. But this fog is so blinding——"

Even as he spoke, a vast whitish berg loomed a-beam, immensely higher than the topmasts, in towers and spires snow-crowned. What great precipices of grey glistening ice, as it passed by, a mighty half-distinguishable mass! what black rifts of destructive depth! The ship surged backward before the great reflux wave of its movement. A sensation of awe struck the bravest beholder, as slowly and majestically the huge berg glided astern, and its grim features were obliterated by the heavy haze.

Both drew a relieved breath when the grand apparition had passed. "I wish Miss Armytage had seen it," said Arthur.

"Why?" rejoined Robert, though the same thought was just in his own mind.

"Oh, because it was so magnificent, and I am sure she would admire it. I could almost make a poem about it myself. Don't you know the feeling, as if the sight was too large, too imposing for your mind somehow? And the danger only intensifies that."

"Still, I wish we were out of their reach. The skipper's temper will be unbearable till then."

It improved considerably when the fog raised off the sea, a day or two subsequently, and a head-wind sprang up, carrying them towards the Gulf. One morning, a low grey stripe of cloud on the horizon was shown to the passengers as part of Newfoundland. Long did Robert Wynn gaze at that dim outline, possessed by all the strange feelings which belong to the first sight of the new world, especially when it is to be a future home. No shame to his manhood if some few tears for the dear old home dimmed his eyes as he looked. But soon that shadow of land disappeared, and, passing Cape Ray at a long distance, they entered the great estuary of the St. Lawrence, which mighty inlet, if it had place in our little Europe, would be fitly termed the Sea of Labrador; but where all the features of Nature are colossal, it ranks only as a gulf.

One morning, when little Jay had gone on deck for an ante-breakfast run, she came back in a state of high delight to the cabin. "Oh, Edith, such beautiful birds! such lovely little birds! and the sailors say they're from the land, though we cannot see it anywhere. How tired they must be after such a long fly, all the way from beyond the edge of the sea! Do come and look at them, dear Edith—do come!"

Sitting on the shrouds were a pair of tiny land birds, no bigger than tom-tits, and wearing red top-knots on their heads. How welcome were the confiding little creatures to the passengers, who had been rocked at sea for nearly five weeks, and hailed these as sure harbingers of solid ground! They came down to pick up Jay's crumbs of biscuit, and twittered familiarly. The captain offered to have one caught for her, but, after a minute's eager acquiescence, she declined. "I would like to feel it in my hand," said she, "but it is kinder to let it fly about wherever it pleases."

"Why, you little Miss Considerate, is that your principle always?" asked Arthur, who had made a great playmate of her. She did not understand his question; and on his explaining in simpler words: "Oh, you know I always try to think what God would like. That is sure to be right, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Arthur, with sudden gravity. "Edith taught me—she does just that," continued the child. "I don't think *she* ever does anything that is wrong at all. But oh, Mr. Wynn," and he felt a sudden tightening of her grasp on his hand, "what big bird is that? look how frightened the little ones are!"

A hawk, which had been circling in the air, now made a swoop on the rigging, but was anticipated by his quarry: one of the birds flew actually into Arthur's hands, and the other got in among some barrels which stood amidships.

"Ah," said Arthur, "they were driven out here by that chap, I suppose. Now I'll give you the pleasure of feeling one of them in your hands."

"But that wicked hawk!"

"And that wicked Jay, ever to eat chickens or mutton."

"Ah! but that is different. How his little heart beats and flutters. I wish I had him for a pet. I would love you, little birdie, indeed I would."

For some days they stayed by the ship, descending on deck for crumbs regularly furnished them by Jay, to whom the office of feeding them was deputed by common consent. But nearing the Island of Anticosti, they took wing for shore with a parting twitter, and, like Noah's dove, did not return. Jay would not allow that they were ungrateful.

THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS.

A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

THERE was a certain king, who, like many Eastern kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time; but yet he was never satisfied. All the exertions of all his courtiers were in vain. The more he heard, the more he wanted to hear. At last he made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last for ever, he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage; but if any one should pretend that he had such a story, but should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head chopped off.

For such a rich prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months: poor fellows, they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure; but all in vain; sooner or later they all came to an end; and, one after another, the unlucky storytellers had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said that he had a story which would last for ever, if his Majesty would be pleased to give him a trial.

He was warned of his danger; they told him how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking; and, after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story.

"O king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant. And, desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom, and put it into an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a mountain.

"This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides.

"But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a very small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time. So one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another

locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn——"

He had gone on thus from morning to night (except while he was engaged at his meals) for about a month, when the king, though a very patient king, began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted his story with: "Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts; we will suppose that they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted; tell us what happened afterwards." To which the storyteller answered, very deliberately, "If it please your Majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before I have told you what happened first." And then he went on again: "And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn." The king listened with unconquerable patience six months more, when he again interrupted him with: "O friend! I am weary of your locusts! How soon do you think they will have done?" To which the storyteller made answer: "O king! who can tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit, each way round the inside of the hole; and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides: but let the king have patience, and, no doubt, we shall come to the end of them in time."

Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another full year, the storyteller still going on as before, "And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn," till at last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out: "O man, that is enough! Take my daughter! take my kingdom! take anything, everything! only let us hear no more of your abominable locusts!"

And so the storyteller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts. The unreasonable caprice of the foolish king was thus overmatched by the ingenious device of the wise man.*

DOINGS ON THE ICE.

THERE are vast regions of the globe where the waters never solidify, and icy cold is an unknown experience. No silvery feathery flakes ever descend to clothe the surface of the ground in a mantle of the purest white, roof the houses for a time with a new material, and rest in smoothly moulded tufts

* "Letters from an Officer in India." Edited by the Rev. S. A. Pears, B.D. (Hatchards).

upon the twigs of the woodlands, as if artificially produced. Nor is the exquisite ornament of the hoar-frost ever seen enamelling the trees, shrubs, and grasses. These are the lowlands within the tropics, where, if there is sufficient humidity, vegetation is luxuriant and perennial, the forests being covered with constant verdure, while the fields exhibit a permanent carpet of beautiful and odoriferous flowers. Venerable winter, truly so called with us, as a very old acquaintance, is there a perfect stranger; and though heard of by report, the uncivilized natives of various districts have often deemed the statement a fiction of the white men, that they are able occasionally to use their rivers as roads, and not only tramp upon the surface of the water, but do it without wetting their feet. Even at a considerable elevation above the sea in those latitudes, if that somewhat slippery personage known to our ancestors as Jack Frost ventures to show his face, it is very quickly to retreat, finding the reception far too warm to be endured. But on towering highlands of the tropical zone, which rise some three miles or so above the level of the ocean, there my gentleman with locks of snow and beard of icicles has sure footing, and may be constantly met with in his house at home, hale and hearty, staring with cool assurance at the sun, as if defying the blazing orb to deprive him of his crystal halls or interfere with his processes, piling the avalanche and manufacturing the glacier.

There are other regions where the thermometer periodically falls below the freezing point with unfailing regularity, even at the level of the sea; and the indication of cold is permanent for very definite intervals, varying from five to seven months, according to the locality. The entire north of the two great continents is subject to this condition; and over field and flood winter is lord paramount of the scene, not in name only, but as a chilling, biting, pinching, and refrigerating reality. Falls of snow usher in the season. These "white flies," as the Russians style the flitting flakes, are speedily followed by a whole army of brothers and cousins, which accumulate upon the surface of the ground, and, being strongly frozen, form a clean, deep, and hard pavement for the foot or sledge of the wayfarer. The prime distinction between land and water is obliterated by the rivers and lakes being covered with a three-feet thickness of ice, or more, of a pale blue colour, inclining to aqua-marine green, but whitened by the snow. At St. Petersburg the cold is often terrific, especially when the east wind blows.

Pedestrians then run along the streets as if upon errands of life and death, to keep the blood flowing; and, being dressed in fur coats and caps, or shaggy skins, they are not unlike two-legged bears upon the trot. Though but little of the countenance is exposed, the eye-lids are frequently firmly frozen together, upon which the blinded man enters the first dwelling at hand, as if it were his own, to have his sight restored by a thaw at the stove, a process inevitably accompanied by a shower of tears. Specially is the nasal promontory in danger; and as no sensation of pain warns the individual whose organ is in jeopardy, it is an act of benevolence for the

passer-by to say to him, "Father, father, thy nose!" on observing the chalky cadaverous hue which betokens suspended circulation, and requires the remedy of rubbing the snout to be instantly applied, in order to preserve intact that feature of the "human face divine." Still, the season is often an enjoyable one to those who can stand its rigours. The cleanness of the landscape, the freedom to wander at will over summer impediments of brook and stream, and the millions of icy particles glittering in the sunbeams with the brightest prismatic colours, while the air is clear, still, and salubrious, though keen and penetrating, are agreeable features. Often the sun careers through the heavens, cloudless from morn to night, and then gives place to the moon, soft and yellow, with a rim strongly and beautifully defined against the dark concave of the sky. But, as very few stir abroad unless compelled, there is an almost unbroken silence in town and country, on hill and in vale, in frosty-white forests and by pent-up streams, which is solemn and unearthly, sometimes appalling to the stranger.

Living as we do in mean latitudes, at a very considerable elevation above the sea, and surrounded by it on every side, we are only familiar with winter in general as a comparatively mild visitor and transient guest. Often the season comes and passes away without having at all answered to the character proper to it; for no snow has fallen but what has instantly melted on the ground, and vanished from the house-tops with the next gleam of sunshine; no ice has been formed thicker than a pane of window-glass, or a slice of ham at a refreshment room; and no wind has blown which could be styled a biting blast. There are obvious advantages connected with such mild weather; for outdoor work can proceed as usual, while the poor, who are unable to command a competent supply of fuel and clothing, are spared much suffering. But, on the other hand, manufacturers who have prepared, and traders who have laid in, heavy stocks of attire suitable for an expected change of temperature, are grievously disappointed; and extensive mischief may be silently wrought, hundreds being thrown out of employment, while many domestic anxieties are occasioned by the prevalence of sickness, owing to the atmosphere being bland yet murky, instead of bracing and clear. The great plague is, that very frequently Mr. Frost pounces upon us suddenly with a hard gripe; and then, when furs have been rummaged up by the ladies, overcoats and comforters by the gentlemen, he is off at a bound, and we neither see, hear, nor feel anything of him again for a twelvemonth. It is also the case that he comes and goes, comes back and goes again, or often seems to be coming and going without doing either, thus not allowing us to know from one day to another what we are to expect; and the countryman's description of the weather is true to the letter, "first it blew, then it snow, then it friz, then it thaw, and then it blew, and snow, and friz, and thaw again." It is also an incident to which we are liable, that when we ought to be saying, "Lo, the winter is past," it sets in with uncommon vigour, to the inexpressible dismay of market-gardeners, and the loss to the community

of spring trade, early vegetables, and cheap summer fruit.

We like a real winter, that is, one with frost not too protracted; with cold very perceptible, but not severe; and with snow covering for a time the face of the country. This is experience natural to our geographical position at the period when the sun mounts high in heaven over the lands of the southern hemisphere; and it is, as we believe, most serviceable to general interests. Frost checks the undue multiplication of noxious grubs and insects in the ground, and prepares it to yield more readily to the plough and harrow. The snow, being a very bad conductor of heat, acts as a cosy blanket to the bulbs and roots of plants, protecting them from the refrigerating air, while the nitrogen it has taken up from the atmosphere is imparted as an element of fertility to the soil. Bright freezing days give elasticity to the spirits, and thereby invigorate health, which is further promoted by exercise being stimulated, both for comfort's sake, and because it may be taken without risk of muddy bespatterment. No occasion is there to pick one's steps on the hard highway, but we tread it confidently with a right onward air; and instead of moving along with a lounging gait at a crawling pace, which would not quicken the pulse if kept up for a century, we march with the dogged briskness which speedily gives quicker motion to the life-blood, and imparts a genial warmth to the frame from top to toe.

Then grown-up men, and even venerable grey-beards, are enabled to renew the sports of their youth, of all others the most worthy of renewal, careering over the ice on iron shoes, and often encountering as a digression the most unpitied of all mishaps, that of being stretched at full length on the glassy pavement. It is true that mournful mischances sometimes occur, and grim death arrests the skater or slider, and takes him to a watery grave. Yet these casualties are not referrible, at least in nine cases out of ten, to the treacherous ice, as the newspapers report, but to the incaution, commonly the fool-hardiness, of the sufferers. Ice is one of the last things in the world to be accused of treachery. It puts on no delusive aspect, but simply appears to be what it is—a crust upon the waters, very brittle, as its easy fracture shows, and very thin in general, compared with the liquid substratum, not therefore to be adventured on prudently till assured of its consistency and thickness.

Sliding, with its slips and tumbles, was no doubt a performance to which the lads of the old Britons addressed themselves with hearty good-will in their wolf-skins, when shallow meres abounded in the land, and the waters of many a river, now restricted to a definite channel, wandered at their will over wide tracts of country. But skating as at present practised is of comparatively recent introduction. Stow, Holinshed, and other chroniclers, relate that the London apprentices were in the habit of tying the bones of sheep to their feet, and by that means sliding on the ice. But this clumsy apparatus was superseded by what Evelyn calls *sheets* or skates, after the manner of the Hollanders. Their use was

a perfectly novel spectacle to him in December, 1662, when certain performers exhibited their "strange and wonderful dexterity" before the king, Charles II, and his queen, in St. James's Park, with "what swiftness they could pass," and "how suddenly they could stop in full career." In Holland, where the numerous canals and drains are regularly frozen over and used as roads, the peasant girls skate to market and to church.

Some three or four times in the space of a century, as if to compensate for remissness, we have winters of extraordinary severity. Hard frost prevails from one to two months or more; heavy falls of snow descend, and accumulate to a great depth upon the ground; the surface of the large lakes and great rivers is firmly congealed; and metropolitans need no bridge to get across the Thames, as it becomes a highway for the heaviest vehicles. Dismal incidents are recorded in our annals on these occasions; but a vast amount of domestic misery inflicted by such rigorous seasons is necessarily unnoticed. Still, multitudes have contrived to extract amusement and profit from Siberian experience, whenever it has occurred, of which we proceed to give a few examples.

In the beginning of December, 1683, frost set in, and lasted to the 5th of February, 1684, upwards of two months, without any abatement. Old Father Thames resisted manfully the attempt to bind him with crystal fetters, but was forced at last to submit his broad back to confinement; and mortals speedily established upon it a Vanity Fair. There was bull-baiting, cock-fighting, puppet-playing, horse-racing, and ox-roasting, for diversions. Coaches plied up and down the river as regularly as in the streets; and men of high degree mingled with the dregs of the populace in the new scene of life. Booths in double file extended from the Temple Stairs to the opposite bank; and the intervening thoroughfare received the name of Temple Street. They were placarded as noted shaving-shops, refreshment-rooms, public-houses, draperies, and places for small wares; and some were devoted to unnamed but more or less questionable callings. Printers transferred their presses to the ice, and earned considerable sums by printing the names of people for sixpence each, as mentioned in the following lines of invitation.

"To the print-house go—

Where for a teaser you may have your name
Printed, hereafter for to show the same;
And sure in former ages ne'er was found,
A press to print where men so oft were drowned."

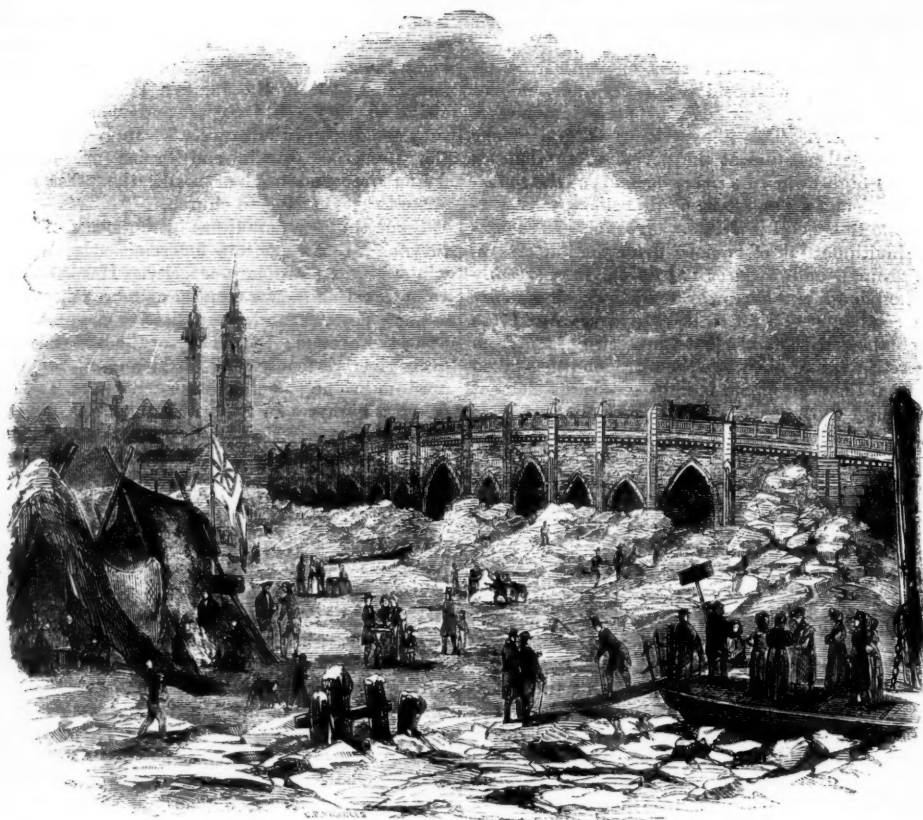
The king and other high personages patronised the press; and their names appeared in order, as

"Charles, King.	Katherine, Queen.
James, Duke.	Mary, Duchess.
George, Prince.	Anne, Princess.

London: Printed by G. Croom, on the Ice, on the River Thames,
January 31, 1684."

Seven days later, the day after the thaw commenced, the cold icy hand of death reached the monarch at Whitehall.

Four times during the last century the Thames was frozen, when much the same scene was renewed. On one of these occasions, 1739-40, the winter was very severe all over Europe; the Zuyder-Zee was passable on the ice; and snow lay from eight to



LONDON BRIDGE DURING THE FROST OF 1813-14.

ten feet deep in Spain and Portugal. A noted pippin-woman lost her life during the Vanity Fair on the river, whom the poet Gay has commemorated:—

"Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous roads,
Her neck grew warp'd beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit: she now a basket bore:
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent passed in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her thrilling strain.
Ah Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death!
The crackling crystal yields; she sinks, she dies——"

This winter carnival terminated in a remarkable manner, for, owing to a sudden thaw, the river swelled, bursting its bonds abruptly; and booths, shops, and huts were carried away before they could be removed by the owners.

Only once during the present century, in 1813-14, has the Thames been reduced to the same condition. Two days after Christmas there was a thick fog, followed by heavy falls of snow, and a month's frost, during which the wind blew bitingly from the north or north-east, with little interruption. The river was covered with masses of floating ice, bearing huge heaps of snow, which no sooner became compact, towards the close of January, than "City Road" made its appearance, a street of booths upon the congealed flood, occupied by various craftsmen.

Our illustration, taken from a collection of prints in the King's Library, British Museum, represents the accumulations of ice and snow at Old London Bridge. Among the doings of the time, sheep were roasted whole, and slices of the so-called "Lapland mutton" were sold to the crowd. The printers, never backward to earn a penny, and very commendably so when their offering is worth it, issued invitations, thus:—

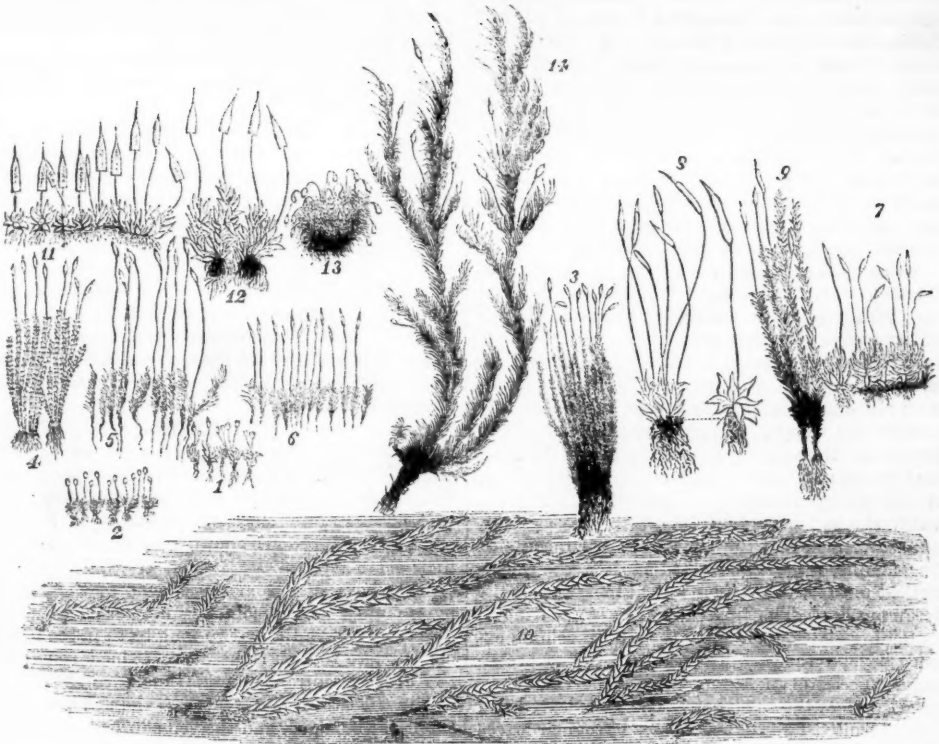
"You that walk here, and do design to tell
Your children's children what this year befell,
Come buy this print, and then it will be seen
That such a year as this has seldom been."

"Amidst the arts which on the Thames appear,
To tell the wonders of this icy year,
Printing claims prior place, which at one view
Erects a monument of that and you."

Printed on the River Thames, February 4, in the 54th year of the reign King George III. Anno Domini 1814."

The last document printed was a *jeu-de-mot* to Madame Tabitha Thaw. Whether this was a skit upon the old lady, or a defiance, or an invocation, we have not taken the trouble to ascertain. But sure it is, that Madame Thaw arrived suddenly by an invisible express, in a right melting mood, and with an all-subduing air. Printers, buyers, sellers, and idlers decamped instant; and presses, booths, and stalls, were left to their fate on the disrupting ice.

[To be continued.]



1. Common Pottia. 2. Starke's Pottia. 3. Five-leaved two-ranked moss. 4. Rigid Hair-mouthed moss. 5. Curve-leaved Hair-mouthed moss. 6. Twisting Hair-mouthed moss. 7. Wall-screw moss. 8. Awl-leaved screw-moss. 9. Fallacious-screw moss. 10. Smaller Water-screw moss. 11. Common Extinguisher moss. 12. Awl-leaved E. 13. Grey-cushioned Grimmia. 14. Woolly-fringe moss.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MOSSES.

CHAPTER II.

"The tiny moss, whose silken verdure clothes
The time-worn rock, and whose bright capsules rise
Like fairy urns on stalks of golden sheen,
Demand our admiration and our praise,
As much as cedar kissing the blue sky,
Or Krubal's giant flower. God made them all,
And what he deigns to make should ne'er be deemed
Unworthy of our study and our love."

For several days after our first moss-seeking excursion, I was unable to get my cousin's attention, her time being very fully occupied. One day, when I had been teasing her to give me some dead specimens, if she could not come with me to seek live ones, she claimed that I should serve her instead, and sent me to the nearest village on various errands, finally decoying me into taking a class in the boys' school, assuring me that she had paved the way for my triumphant entry there, by announcing that I was a great scholar, and likely to become Archbishop of Canterbury, or Lord Chancellor of England, according as I should turn my talents to divinity or law. Then, when I returned home tired and fretted with the stupidity of the village boys, she appeased my vexation by the gift of a minute moss, and left me with her "Hooker" and pocket lens to find out its history. A charming quality in this moss order is the power of

revivification in the plants: pieces that have been dried and laid away for years still retain their vitality, thus rivalling the snail in the British Museum, which, having been cured and glued to a slab for years, found one happy morning that the glue had given way, upon which it stretched forth its horns, as if after a long, long sleep, protruded its broad foot, and had travelled half over the case when its movements attracted the eye of the curator of the department.

These old dried mosses of Marian's, when floated in water, expand to their original size and form; the minute cells of which they are formed fill again with fluid, and only their paler hue shows that they were not gathered yesterday. My little moss, the wages of my day's labour, was floating thus, and I soon descried through my pocket lens the peculiarities of its formation. The leaves were spreading, oval, and pointed; the urn wide-mouthed, and the lid swollen and slightly beaked. The whole plant measured less than a quarter of an inch. Several plants were clustered together; the leaves in five rows, the upper ones crowded, the lower more distant; the roundish urn and convex lid made me believe it a Pottia, so called from the German professor, Pott, the first person who studied this family. My cousin came in and settled my doubts by assuring me that it was the Common Pottia,

(*Pottia truncata*, Fig. 1 and a). The book informed her that there is an Oval-leaved Pottia and a Dwarf Pottia, an Oval-fruited Pottia, a Bristly Pottia, and a Lance-leaved Pottia, all of which frequent mud, sandy banks, or fallow ground. All these Pottias are without fringe at the mouth of the urn. A specimen of Starke's Pottia, (*Anacalypta Starkeana*, Fig. 2), one of the species gifted with a fringe, was my reward for services, on another occasion; it much resembles the Common Pottia: its redder and more oval urn, with the blunt lid and the dark or yellowish green of the leaves, distinguish it.

Marian found a day at last when she was at liberty to ramble with me. "I shall be ready to walk with you in ten minutes," she said, "if you will not object to go round by Gunnerside, for I have to leave a message there for my father. In return for your obliging me in this, I will guarantee your finding at least six new mosses on the road to the village. I should recommend you to employ the time while you wait for me, in studying the characteristics of the Hair-mouthed moss group, as defined by Hooker." I turned to the book which she had brought to me, with great ardour, and ascertained that the Hair moss group contains four families: the Two-ranked mosses, the Twin-toothed mosses, the Hair-mouthed mosses, and the Screw mosses. The first family have single fringes, containing sixteen teeth, and the central column extends beyond the mouth of the urn. The broad-leaved species is an Alpine moss, while the thick-ribbed prefers the sea-coast. The Five-leaved and oblique fruited Two-ranked mosses have their leaves distinctly in two rows: the former is a delicate moss, with a reddish urn. Kind Marian had put a specimen of it into the book for me (*Distichium capillaceum*, Fig. 3 and b). The Twin-toothed mosses have many of the teeth divided, hence the name. Their stems grow in clusters, their leaves are more or less lance-shaped, and have dots on the surface. There is a reddish species, growing on walls; and a dusky species, favouring limestone; and a slender-fruited species, frequenting the neighbourhood of waterfalls; and a bent-leaved species, growing on elevated moors (*Didymodon*). The true Hair-mouthed mosses have their leaves in five or eight rows, and the nerve reaches to the point of the leaf; the oval fruit is generally straight and dull, and placed on a long fruitstalk. It flashed on my mind that some of my Kentish specimens must belong to this family, and I hastened into the house, placed the plants in question in a little tin box, and joined Marian, who was now calling for me.

We walked along a road leading close by the river bank, and bounded on the other side by a low wall, formed of slabs of limestone, laid loosely together without mortar. I mentioned my surmise relative to the Kentish mosses which I had secreted in my little box, and Marian instantly called a halt, insisted on our sitting down on the bank, and, filling the box with water, we proceeded to examine the specimens in question.

"This," she said, "with the short clustered stems, and leaves awl-shaped at the base, and dwindling to a silky point, is the Curve-leaved Hair-mouthed moss (*Trichostomum homomallum*,

Fig. 5 and c). The pairs of teeth in the fringe are sixteen, but they are sometimes united. You found this on a sandy bank?"

"I did; the sandy earth had been thrown up in a heap, and this moss seemed to be the first emigrant on the new soil."

"And this other," she continued, "with the half prostrate stem and spreading leaves, broader than in the last species, is the Twisting Hair-mouthed moss. It would suit well your sandy Kentish rock, for it only favours such (*Trichostomum tortile*, Fig. 6). I have one specimen of this family for you, when you merit it by exceeding goodness—the Rigid-leaved Hair-mouthed moss. The fringe is longer than in the species you have, and its leaves are generally erect (*Trichostomum rigidulum*, Fig. 4). There is a curly-leaved species, and an awl-leaved, both growing near the sea, and a glaucous species, peculiar to mountains."

Having thus settled the fate of my Kentish mosses, we proceeded along the road, and arrived at a bridge which spanned the river near the village. Several mosses were growing upon this bridge, and we paused to examine them, collecting a handful, and then sitting down by the roadside to make out their characters.

"We have here some specimens of the Screw-moss family," my cousin began. "The plants of this family have thirty-two long teeth in the fringe, shaped like threads; these are twined round the top of the central column, thus earning for the family the title of Screw mosses; the urn is upright, the lid awl-shaped, and the veil adorned with a long beak. This Wall Screw moss is a very common species; its leaves are oval and pointed, very much twisted when dry, and the capsule is long, (*Tortula muralis*, Fig. 7). The awl-leaved Screw moss has larger leaves, arranged in a starry form; its urn is still longer than in the last species, and slightly curved; it is altogether a larger plant, (*Tortula subulata*, Fig. 8 and d).



a. Common Pottia, magnified. b. Five-leaved Two-ranked moss, ditto. c. Curve-leaved Hair-mouthed moss, magnified. d. Awl-leaved Screw moss, ditto. e. Fringed Extinguisher moss, ditto. f. Grey-cushioned Grimmia, magnified. g. Woolly Fringe moss, ditto.

The Fallacious Screw moss is much taller; the leaves are of a dull green colour, twisted and turned back. The fruit stem is reddish, and the urn oval; as the seeds ripen in the winter, these urns may well be dry and shrivelled, (*Tortula fallax*, Fig. 9). There are a great number of these Screw mosses; but the three that we have here may serve as guides to the whole set. The Aloe-leaved species frequents clay banks, as does also the Bird's-claw. The Slender Screw moss, the Spreading-leaved Screw moss, and the Hoary Screw moss prefer chalk; while the Revolute and Convolute favour sandstone, and the Great Hairy Screw moss grows

on thatch. The Rough-leaved and smaller Hairy Screw mosses are parasites on trees.

Almost too nearly allied to the Screw mosses to constitute a separate group is the Water Screw moss family. A specimen of the smaller Water Screw moss (*Cinclidotus riparius*, Fig. 10) was sent to me from a rivulet in Cumberland. It grows in tufts attached to stones in mountain streams, and the stems are four or five inches long. The leaves are crowded and spreading, except when borne in one direction by the current; the urn is oval and the fruitstalk extremely short; the lid and the veil are both cone-shaped, the latter of a corky texture. The Greater Water-screw moss is not found in Britain, except in a dwarfish stunted form, growing high and dry. Here are plants belonging to other groups; give me your opinion on their characters."

"The most remarkable feature in this moss," I replied, "is the fool's-cap-like veil; my suggestion is, that it belongs to the Fool's-cap group."

"You are not so far wrong as you meant to be," she replied; "only your smile savours too much of the school-boy. This group does take its name from the shape of the veil, which is formed like an extinguisher; hence it is called the Extinguisher group. The branches are clustered, the urn is lance-shaped, and entirely covered by the veil. This common Extinguisher moss still wears some of its veils, though very many are discarded. The stems are short and branched, and the urn is cylinder-shaped, (*Encalypta vulgaris*, Fig. 11). The Fringed Extinguisher moss has only just attained maturity: it is named from the veil, which is distinctly fringed at the base, (*Encalypta ciliata*, Fig. 12 and e). Both these species have a fringe at the mouth of the urn, though that of the former soon vanishes; the Sharp-leaved Extinguisher moss has no fringe, and the Rib and Spiral-fruited ones have a double fringe. Now," she continued, as we reached the village, "have I redeemed my promise?"

I was obliged to acknowledge that she had; for I perceived that she was aware that I had secreted one moss, and we had discussed five newly-found ones—three Screw mosses, and two Extinguisher mosses.

"It will be good for you to rest in returning," she said, smiling, "and we will then examine the *Grimmia* which you slipped into your tin box, and another which I know of upon a high wall."

We fulfilled our errand, and retraced our steps until we came to a high bank surmounted by a wall: off this Marian dragged a cushion of moss a foot long, and, making me sit beside her among the ferns on the bank, she resumed her instructions.

"Between the Extinguisher mosses and the *Grimmias* there is a group of Alpine mosses, called *Hedwigias*, after a botanist of that name, or, in English, Beardless mosses, their urns being destitute of fringe. The *Grimmias* grow in tufts upon rocks and stones: the urn is roundish, the mouth wide, and the fruitstalk short. The lid is convex and slightly pointed, and the fringe single. The central column falls away with the lid; the veil is small. This group includes the *Grimmias* and the Fringe mosses. The Close-tufted, Sessile, and Sea-side *Grimmias* have the base of the veil torn

and jagged. This Grey-cushioned *Grimmia* which you hid, intending, I fear, to prove a breach of contract against me, is, as you see, densely tufted. Every leaf is terminated by a hair, which gives an appearance to the round cluster-like velvet pile; the fruitstalks, which are erect now, are daintily arched in youth, so that the urn bends down again till it touches the leaves, (*Grimmia pulvinata*, Fig. 13 and f). The Round-fruited *Grimmia* has narrower leaves, and the Spiral *Grimmia* has striped urns. Schultz's *Grimmia*, and the Tall Alpine *Grimmia*, are much larger plants; and the Oval-fruited, Hoary, and Dingy *Grimmias* have the base of the veil lobed.

The Fringe moss family resemble the larger *Grimmias*; they are tall and branched; the leaves are spreading, and often adorned with hairy points; and the veil is mitre-shaped and often cloven at the base; the urn is oval, the lid straight. The Oval-fruited Fringe moss is peculiar to the hills of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; the Dark Mountain Fringe moss grows on wet rocks by rivulets in similar situations; the Slender Mountain Fringe moss prefers exposed places, as does also the Woolly Fringe moss; the Green Mountain Fringe moss favours rocks; and the Hoary Fringe moss is so kind as to grow on this rough wall. You see its stems are some of them four inches long, and much branched, but they are so entangled that it is next to impossible to separate them; the leaves are turned back, and, having long white points, they give the whole mass a grey and aged appearance. The fruit is over-ripe, but you can see its oblong shape and its indented stripes; the lid and veil we cannot judge of, for they must both have fallen off two months ago. Now I trust you are satisfied; you have found seven new mosses, identified two of your Kentish specimens, and I have promised you three. We must hasten home now, and husband our time and opportunities for a fresh excursion after a while."

We returned by a field path, speaking little, but quietly enjoying all around us. Our friends the mosses mingled plentifully with the sward, and made it delightfully elastic to the tread; while the cheerful gurgling of the river flowing near us completed the refreshing association with the "green pastures and still waters" by which the Heavenly Shepherd leads his flock. Similar reflections were occupying Marian's mind; for, ere she entered the garden, she paused and softly repeated Mrs. Barrett Browning's lines:—

"Praised be the mosses soft
In the forest pathways oft,
And the thorns which make us think
Of the thornless river brink
Where the ransomed tread."

ADVENTURES OF "YOUNG SKYBLUE."

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT nineteen or twenty years ago, there stood in a narrow irregular street in the Bermondsey district a little coffee-shop, not more than a dozen feet square, and divided into eight of the oddest little boxes you ever saw, with a strip of deal board for

a table in each, for the accommodation of separate customers. There was a glass door to the shop, which, unless the wind and rain blew in that direction, generally stood invitingly open; and in one of the panes of the glass door was wafered a notice, painfully written and misspelled, to the effect that clear-starching and plain needlework were performed within. In the shop-window, which was backed with an old and rather rusty wire-blind, inscribed with the words, "Early Breakfast House," there lay a japan tea-tray loaded with a breakfast service "for one," which was flanked on either side by a work of art carved in wood and painted, supposed to represent a couple of pork pies, and which imparted a relish to the rather barren display, which it would otherwise have wanted. Besides these items, there was a board bearing a tariff of prices, which had evidently been fixed at the lowest possible remunerating scale, to suit the exigencies of a struggling population. The little place wore a poverty-struck aspect; several of the large panes of glass were cracked from end to end, and some had been mended with putty as neatly as might be, and the fragments of others pasted together with patches of paper. Amid all there was, however, a hopeful attempt at cleanliness; the tray lay on a napkin as white as snow, the pork pie dummies had been regularly dusted into a polish, and the glass, whether whole or broken, was as clean as the flying blacks which impregnated the murky atmosphere, and the splashing mud of so close a thoroughfare, would allow.

The early breakfast house was the property of the widow Wendell, the relict of a journeyman baker, a toiling meek-spirited fellow, who had succumbed to the weary hardships of his calling at the age of thirty-five, and left her with three young children to do battle in their behalf with the oppositions of a widow's lot. She was the clear-starcher and the needle-worker as well; and if you had gone into the coffee-shop at any time of day, save during the early breakfast hours between five and eight in the morning, you would have seen little or nothing of her, but would have been waited on by her eldest boy, young "Skyblue," the subject of our narrative.

The child, who was at this period about eight or nine years of age, presented a curious and not uninteresting appearance. Though his bodily frame was diminutive, thin, and stunted, his motions were rapid and active; he never spoke an unnecessary word, but answered all calls with the alertness of a trained waiter, and was ever on the watch to anticipate the wants of the customers. Upon a figure almost infantine he carried a man's face, reflective and observant, but pale, bloodless, and white almost as the little apron round his waist. It was this peculiarity of aspect, which was plainly the result of long vigils and scanty fare, that had gained for him the *soubriquet* of "Skyblue," the name he invariably bore among the rough and boisterous class who frequented the house. There was something, however, in the dark flashing eye of the boy that redeemed the character of his expressionless face, and made it not unpleasant to look upon. Tim Wendell, at nine years of age, knew that upon

his industry and attention to business the exertions which his poor mother was making to secure food, raiment, and shelter for them all must depend in a great measure for success. The poor widow felt how hard and cruel it was to teach him this; but poverty has no choice, and Tim had been taught the lesson, and learned it and comprehended it well. He rose to his labours every morning between four and five, while his little brother and sister still slept on, and seldom went to bed much before eleven—his mother's house being a favourite evening resort with a class who made it a substitute for home, and were apt to linger long over the columns of the weekly paper.

It was a hard struggle for the widow, and for Tim too. The clear-starching and the needlework brought in but little; and coffee at twopence a pint, and rounds of bread and butter an inch thick at a penny, left but a narrow margin of profit to the proprietress. Then the rent was high; and though the widow had had her poor's rates remitted on account of her own poverty, it was as much as ever they could do to pay their way and keep the wolf from the door.

On Sunday they both rested from their labours. At the afternoon Sunday school they learned to read, and said their lessons over again when they came home, for mother to hear. It was a happy day, was the Sunday; there was no early breakfast to rouse them up in the dark morning, and no company at night to keep them out of bed; and so they all supped and retired to rest together as soon as mother came home from the evening service, and had heard the little ones their hymns and prayers.

This sort of life went on for three or four years, and all that time Tim did not seem to grow an inch taller or an inch bigger. He still wore the little suit his mother had made him to wait upon the customers in, and the same little apron still circled his span of a waist. But Ned and Sally had grown up to his shoulder, and threatened soon to look over his head. The bricklayer who was chief spokesman at the early breakfast, took it upon him one morning to assert that "young Skyblue wouldn't never grow no bigger at all." This oracular assertion hurt Tim's feelings considerably.

"Won't I, though?" he said; "I'm only thirteen yet."

"Thirteen!" said the man; "five-and-forty, I calkilate; you're as old as any feller I knows."

"What does Hodds mean, mother," Tim asked after the bricklayer was gone, "by saying I am as old as anybody he knows?"

"Perhaps he means, Tim, that you have an old-fashioned look; and I often think you have; but what does that signify? you need not mind what he says."

"But he says I shall never grow bigger."

"Of that he knows nothing, my boy; you will grow bigger and wiser too, I hope."

Tim said nothing in answer to this; he thought both results extremely desirable, and pondered the matter over in his mind. The widow, who would have made any sacrifice to procure him the means

of education, began pondering too. That night, when the work of the day was over and they were waiting for the departure of the laggards, to shut up, she abruptly asked Tim if he would like to go out to service.

Tim was revolving the thing at that instant in his thoughts, but would never have broached it, on his mother's account, had she not first done so.

"What am I fit for?" he said; "I can't write."

"A boy of your age, who is willing, is fit for many things. I have been thinking that whether, as Hodds says, you ever grow bigger or no, one thing is certain, you will never grow much wiser if you stay here. We do not know what you may learn if you get a situation; you may have time to learn to write, and sum, and many things besides; or you may learn a good trade, and get a respectable living."

"But how can you manage the coffee shop without me?"

"I have thought of that. Ned is big enough now to help me, and I will wait on the company myself. If you get wages, we can do without needlerwork, and I shall have more time to teach Sally."

"Well, then," said Tim, "I'll go for good wages, but not without. Where can I get employment?"

"That remains to be seen; we must look about and inquire in all directions; something will turn up, before long, no doubt."

So it was given out in the coffee-room that Tim was on the look-out for a place; and it soon got wind, moreover, that he wanted good wages, the boy innocently confirming the statement. Rare fun the stout fellows made of it, and many a practical joke they played off on the little man, in allusion to his large expectations. Still, there was not one of them who was not ready to do him a service; and it happened that Hodds himself, who was his greatest tormentor, proved his first benefactor.

Contrary to his usual custom, he bounced into the shop one day about noon, and, Tim happening to be absent, began bawling, "Skyblue, Skyblue!" with the voice of a hurricane—holding in his hand at the same time the smallest visible scrap of paper.

Tim soon made his appearance.

"Here you are!" bawled Hodds, "here you are, my giant! read that; come, let's hear you spell it out now, like a man."

Tim took the paper, which was an advertisement cut from that morning's "Times," and read in a tremulous voice the words, "WANTED, an active and intelligent boy to receive and deliver messages, and run errands. Apply to A. B." etc. etc.

"There!" said Hodds, "that's the ticket, ain't it? You are the active and intelligent boy, you know; now you clap on your Sunday togs and cut off like the wind, and get the place. And don't be asking too much wages, now; don't lay it on too thick to begin with. Good artemnoon; I must be back to work;" and Hodds departed as quickly as he came.

Mrs. Wendell made Tim as neat as she could, and sent him off at once to try his fortune. The address given was at a confectioner's in Fleet Street, and Tim's mouth watered as he stood looking at the nice things in the window, and making up his mind to enter. Plucking up courage, he walked into the shop, and said to the young lady at the counter, "If you please, miss, I want to see Mr. A. B."

"Oh, indeed," she said; "I suppose you are come in consequence of the advertisement. I am afraid you are too late; there have been a dozen boys here already to-day. However, here is the gentleman's address; you can try if you like." Then she handed Tim a card upon which he read the name of Edward Waters, Fig-tree Court, Temple. In a few minutes he had found Mr. Waters's name on the door-posts of the house in the dark court, had climbed the dusty stairs, and stood in front of that gentleman's desk, answering his questions.

"I am afraid you are not old enough, my boy," said he.

"I am going in fourteen," said Tim.

"Sure? ha! now I look at you I see; why, you are quite an old codger. Can you read?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"And write?"

"No, sir, I never learned; I should like to very much."

"Should you, though? come, I like that; let me hear you read: read that;" and he handed Tim a paper lying on the table.

Tim read, "And be it hereby declared and enacted, that from and after the 25th day of March next, it shall be lawful, all the acts and provisions hereinbefore recited notwithstanding—"

"Stop, that's enough; and so you would like to learn to write, would you? Now, suppose I were to employ you, would you be active and punctual, and attend to my business when I send you out, and not go overing all the posts in the neighbourhood?"

Please, sir, I never over the posts."

"Well, I believe you there, upon my word; the posts for the most part over you, eh! I'm afraid I sha'n't get much for my money if I engage you. What wages do you expect?"

"O, please, sir, I should like good wages."

"Ha, ha, ha! I dare say you would; come, I like that too; and pray, who will give you a character?"

"Oh, mother, sir."

"Mother, sir! I dare say she will;" and Mr. Waters laughed again. Well, go home, my little man, and tell your mother to come with you tomorrow at this time, and I'll talk to her."

Tim thought Mr. Waters an odd sort of gentleman, and did not quite understand him; but he appeared with his mother in Fig-tree Court punctually at the hour appointed next day, and the result of the interview was his engagement as messenger and office-keeper to the young lawyer, at a salary of five shillings a week, which was to be raised so soon as he had learned to write a readable hand. Tim was required to enter on his duties at once, and his mother left him with his new master;

with the understanding that he would be released at six o'clock, and would have to be punctually at his post every morning at half-past nine.

[To be continued.]

DUTCH SAILORS AT HOME.

THROUGH the kindness of our excellent chaplain at Amsterdam, and the politeness of the Dutch to an English traveller, I was permitted, during a recent visit, to see two very interesting institutions in that city, which convinced me that, although the Dutch navy is now comparatively insignificant, there still exists among the sailors of Holland a national spirit worthy of the land of De Ruyter and Van Tromp. These two institutions were the Sailors' Home and the Naval Training School, both chiefly, if not exclusively, intended for the benefit of the merchant navy—that nursery for the royal navy which in England we are rather apt to depreciate.

And first, I would ask the reader to accompany me to the Sailors' Home. After passing the large Entrepôt Dock, the principal one in Amsterdam, there may be seen a large brick building standing alone, and built in the form of three sides of a square; at the two corners are slightly raised turrets, from a flagstaff on each of which floats the Dutch pennant, and on the front is inscribed, "Zeemann's Huis"—Seaman's House. On entering, I was introduced to the governor of the Home, Captain Huidekoper, who has conducted it since it was first opened, on the 6th of April, 1858; he was so kind as to accompany me over it himself, and to inform me of all its details.

The first room into which we went was a bath-room, near the entrance on the ground-floor. No one is received into the Home until he has passed through the ordeal of the bath; and I may here mention that a continual flow of water is maintained throughout the establishment, on every floor, both for the promotion of cleanliness and as a provision in case of fire. The rooms on the ground-floor are about thirteen feet high, and in every respect realize one's ideas of Dutch neatness.

From the bath-room I was conducted to a billiard-room, well lighted, and containing an excellent table of the newest model. This was for the use of the mates of vessels, whose position is as clearly defined in the Home as on board a merchant ship. Round the walls were cues, markers, and rules of the game, and two young men were playing, who were evidently no novices.

From thence we went into the committee-room, on the first floor—a room of about eighteen feet high. Here was a small reading-desk, and my conductor informed me that on Sundays the apartment is used as a chapel. I was particularly struck with the extreme neatness and cleanliness which pervaded the House, and I was informed that it was all the work of men and boys, as no female is allowed within the walls. No spirits are permitted to be used, but wine and beer are allowed; and of course here, as everywhere else in Holland, the sailor must have his pipe.

From the committee-room we went to the school-room, where were about five-and-twenty young men working, slate in hand, at the higher branches of their profession; one was studying spherical trigonometry, another was finding latitude by double altitude by construction, and another was well advanced in algebra. A glass case, containing globes, sextants, barometers, theodolites, and other mathematical and scientific instruments, occupied one end of the room, and charts decorated the walls. A mathematical master superintends the studies: attendance, of course, is optional; but mates cannot easily obtain employment in the Dutch merchant navy unless they can produce a certificate from the Sailors' Home that they are qualified to hold that position.

From the school-room we passed to two dining-rooms for the sailors, adjoining each other; by a small windlass the dinner is wound up to the dining-rooms from the kitchen, which is immediately below, by which means the dinner arrives quite hot, and fewer servants are required. On the walls of the dining-rooms is a paraphrase of the 23rd and eight following verses of the 107th Psalm, arranged one hundred and fifty years ago by an old Dutchman, known as Father Gats. Near the dining-rooms is a billiard-room for the use of the sailors, much resembling that for the mates, but, of course, not equally comfortable: on a book-shelf in this room is a small free library. Adjoining is the mates' sitting-room, in which is an excellent bust of the King of the Netherlands, and half-length portraits of Admirals De Ruyter and Van Tromp—good copies of good originals. It is said that Admiral Van Tromp was of a Scotch family, who came from a place called Troup, but that name being difficult for a Dutch tongue, became changed into Tromp.

On leaving this room, we ascended another pair of stairs to the second floor, where the rooms are about nine feet high; here are the cabins of the inmates, each one of whom has a room to himself. The rooms are in every respect similar to each other, except that a mate has curtains to his bed, and a larger room, while the smaller ones are appropriated to the boys. In each room is the following notice, printed in Dutch and English, which I copy verbatim: "It is requested on leaving the room to close the chest, lock the door, and to hand the key of the room to the doorkeeper." A small handbill, printed in different languages, and circulated among sailors, informs them that the Home is open to them on payment—

	A week.		A day.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
By first, second, and third mates of	14	2	2	1
Boatswains, carpenters, and sailers	10	10	1	7
Boys	9	2	1	4

For this they are provided with board and lodging, a separate cabin furnished with bed and pillows, coverlet and sheets, a table, two chairs, ewer and basin, and gaslight. Meals are served four times a-day, and such provisions as I saw appeared to be of the best quality. Sailors may at all times enter and leave the House whenever and as often as they please. There is accommodation in the Home for fourteen mates, twenty boys, and thirty-six men—

in all seventy persons. A watch is kept in the wards at night, where there is a tell-tale clock, which guarantees that the watchmen have been vigilant. On the third floor are a few more cabins, the ceilings of which are about eleven feet high, and there is a large left, where sailors may leave their clothes and traps when they go to sea. This admirable arrangement makes the sailor regard the House as indeed a home to which he may look forward at his return.

At 11 P.M. the gas in all the cabins is turned off, but is left burning in the corridors all night; those, however, who choose to provide their own candles, may have lights as long as they think fit.

On again descending to the ground-floor, the mates' dining-room was shown to me, as also a small room, containing a shower-bath. Although the inmates of the Home are allowed to remain out at night as long as they please, it is rarely that all are not indoors when the lights are put out. Both Dutch and English Bibles are provided, though no very great number of Englishmen go there. A register is kept of all seamen who become inmates, and up to the 5th of October, the number for last year had amounted to 487. In almost every room I noticed the word "geschene" written on some article—perhaps a clock or a picture—and this I learned to be the Dutch for "gift," and signified that the article had been presented to the Home.

The institution is not self-supporting: in the first year the income fell short of the expenditure by £300, and in the second year by £375; but the deficiencies are covered by voluntary contributions. This year, however, the deficiency will probably be considerably smaller, although the Home is more generally used. No assistance is afforded by the government, which persists in regarding it as a lodging-house or hotel, and imposes heavy taxes on it. At the back of the Home is a small garden and a skittle-ground. Nothing could exceed the courtesy and politeness of those sailors whom we encountered in the different rooms, or the kind attentions of the governor.

After thanking him for his civility, I crossed the canal to the Kweekschool voor de Zeevaart—Preparatory School for the Navy—which is nearly opposite, and a house of far less pretension. When I arrived, the boys were just sitting down to dinner, and the superintendent, Captain R. Jochems, kindly allowed me to see them; they numbered sixty-five, although he informed me that there were generally between seventy and eighty under his charge; they were seated at three tables in a large dining-room—lads from ten to sixteen years of age. The first class sat at a table presided over by the chief mate of the establishment; the second table was under the supervision of the second mate, and the third under that of the boatswain: the food on that day consisted of potatoes and fish, of which each boy had a very liberal share. In an adjacent yard was a model of a full-rigged ship, of about one hundred tons, where the boys are daily exercised at reefing and furling, making and shortening sail, and the more practical part of their future profession; nets

are stretched above the deck, in case of any accident; opening into this yard is a gymnasium, where the boys have one hour's exercise daily.

Above the dining-room, on the second floor, is a long dormitory, where all the boys sleep in hammocks hung from the beams; in the daytime, these hammocks are all lashed up, and triced close up to the ceiling, and under every boy's hammock is his little chest. The boys are trained with a view to their becoming mates and captains some day. Adjoining the dormitory are the apartments of the mates and boatswain, whose families live in the house. On the same floor is a model room, where are also marble busts of Admirals De Ruyter and Vankinsberger, founders of the school, also good pictures of other Dutch admirals, and a tablet on which are inscribed the names of benefactors: these are numerous, and have been very liberal, so that there is no want of funds; every boy pays something for his board, which in no case exceeds £20 a-year. Two tailors and two seamstresses are kept in the house, and, as may be supposed, they have always plenty to do. A light cheerful looking prison was shown to me, but I was told that it is rarely occupied.

On the first floor, under the dormitory, are the apartments of the Director, and three school-rooms, for the three classes; here are taught arithmetic, mathematics, navigation, German, French, and English. On the ground-floor is the committee-room, hung round with pictures of old Dutch admirals, also two large old paintings of De Ruyter's progress up the Thames to Rochester, in June, 1667, showing the British fleet in flames. Admiral De Ruyter's order of St. Michael is kept here, as also his champagne glass; also a silver mug, which belonged to De Witt, out of which, once a year, the boy who passes the best examination is allowed to drink the king's health.

On leaving, I could not help remarking the enthusiasm with which I had heard the old days of Dutch naval greatness spoken of; and if Holland ever again becomes a naval power, I believe it will be owing to the care it now takes in training its merchant sailors, and keeping alive in their breasts the recollection of the deeds of their forefathers.

ADDISON ON THE ATONEMENT.—As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea of his appearing in the presence of that Being "whom none can see and live," he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being whom he appears before will examine all the actions of his past life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no scheme of religion, besides that of Christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous person under this thought. Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection attained in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and in short so many defects in his best actions, that, without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able "to stand in his sight."
—*Spectator*, No. 513.

VARIETIES.

LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in such matters:—1. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Rev. Charles Simeon.*

THE GREAT BELL OF ST. PAUL'S.—A correspondent writes as follows: "In No. 431 of the 'Leisure Hour,' it is stated that the great bell of St. Paul's is nine feet across. I don't know whether that statement is made from actual measurement or only from hearsay; I should suppose the latter, for I very well remember visiting it, in company with another lad, in 1814, when the man who attended to the clock stated that the bell was ten feet in diameter, when we, being young mechanics, managed to climb up to the said bell, and, having some little idea of inches, we thought it looked a very short ten feet; so, taking out our rules, we had the impudence to measure the square of the oak frame in which it (that is, the bell) hangs, and found the frame (if my memory serves me right) just seven feet square, and as the bell hangs just within the clear of the inside of the frame, it is very evident it can be no larger than the frame. I am quite certain that no person has penned the statement in the 'Leisure Hour' knowing it to be incorrect, but has taken it, in all probability, from the superintendent of the clock, just as we should have done had we not been mischievous young lads and climbed up to the bell and so satisfied ourselves. I remember we at the time told the clock-man the discovery we had made, when he appeared as if he neither knew nor cared whether it was right or wrong; and so I suppose it goes on still."—*J. K.*

SAND MARTINS AND FLIES.—Whilst waiting for the train one afternoon at Weybridge, I amused myself with watching the sand martins, who have there a large establishment on either side of the cutting, and got into conversation with one of the porters about them. On my saying I supposed that the boys robbed a good many of the nests, he answered, "Oh! sir, they would if they were allowed; but the birds are such good friends to us, that we won't let anybody meddle with them." I fancied at first that he spoke of them as friends in the way of company only, but he explained his meaning to be that the flies about the station would be quite intolerable if they were not cleared off by the martins, which are always hawking up and down in front of it; adding, that even during the few hot days which occurred in the spring before their arrival, the flies were becoming very troublesome. "Now," he said, "we may now and then see one, but that is all."—*"Notes on Natural History," by Cornwell Simon.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR THOMAS BRISBANE.—General Sir Thomas Brisbane was from early life distinguished by his devotion to astronomical and other scientific studies. In 1821 Sir Thomas was, on the recommendation of the Duke of Wellington, appointed Governor of New South Wales, the arduous duties of which he administered during four years. This appointment was alike honourable to the Duke and Sir Thomas. The latter used to tell that, while with the Duke, walking arm-in-arm one day in Paris, he remarked that he would gladly accept the governorship of New South Wales, as he was tired of inaction. The Duke remarked, he would write to Lord Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary, on the subject. Not many days after, the Duke meeting him, with a hearty laugh said: "Do you know, Sir Thomas, what Lord Bathurst writes me this morning? That he wants one that will govern, not the heavens, but the earth, in New

South Wales." Sir Thomas replied warmly: "Your Grace can testify, all the years during which I have had the honour to serve under you in the Peninsula, whether I have ever suffered my scientific predilections to interfere with my military duties." "Certainly not, certainly not," replied the great captain: "I shall write his lordship that, on the contrary, you were never in one instance absent or late, morning, noon, or night; and that, in addition, you kept the time in the army."

RUSSIAN BONE MANURE.—On my visit to Scotland, I was surprised to find there piles of bones, imported from Russia, and intended to enrich its fields. I was informed that there existed in St. Petersburg a merchant, of the name of Stepanoff, who for forty years has been dealing in these bones, of which he exports annually to foreign countries upwards of 70,000 puds. On my return to Russia, I made it a point to be introduced to Mr. Stepanoff, and ascertained from him that the large quantity of bones he exports is collected on the banks of the Volga, to commence at Kazan; that he purchases them on the spot at the rate of three coopeks silver a pud, forwards them to St. Petersburg, and sells them to the English at fifty cop a pud. Before arriving in St. Petersburg, these bones pass through provinces the soil of which is very poor and requires much manure; nobody, however, thinks of buying them, and they are allowed to be shipped beyond the seas to fertilize the soil of Scotland.—*Kokoreff on the Trade of Russia.*

CONSTABLE AND TURNER.—In 1832, when Constable exhibited his "Opening of Waterloo-bridge," it was placed in the school of painting—one of the small rooms at Somerset-house. A sea-piece, by Turner, was next to it—a gray picture, beautiful and true, but with no positive colour in any part of it. Constable's "Waterloo" seemed as if painted with liquid gold and silver, and Turner came several times into the room while he was heightening with vermilion and lake the decorations and flags of the city barges. Turner stood behind him, looking from the "Waterloo" to his own picture, and at last brought his palette from the great room, where he was touching another picture, and, putting a round daub of red lead, somewhat bigger than a shilling, on his gray sea, went away without saying a word. The intensity of the red lead, made more vivid by the coolness of his picture, caused even the vermilion and lake of Constable to look weak. I came into the room just as Turner left it. "He has been here," said Constable, "and fired a gun." On the opposite wall was a picture, by Jones, of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the furnace. "A coal," said Cooper, "has bounced across the room from Jones's picture, and set fire to Turner's sea." The great man did not come again into the room for a day and a half, and then, in the last moments that were allowed for painting, he glazed the scarlet seal he had put on his picture, and shaped it into a buoy.—*Leslie's "Autobiographical Recollections."*

DR. CAREY.—"Once in a fortnight," remarks his associate, Mr. Morris, "Carey might be seen walking eight or ten miles to Northampton, with his wallet full of shoes upon his shoulder, and then returning home with a fresh supply of leather to fulfil his engagements with a Government contractor." The testimony borne to his skill in the mystery of a shoemaker, by those who knew him, was by no means flattering; and he himself always entertained the humblest opinion of his own abilities in that line. Thirty years after this period, when dining one day at Barrackpore Park, opposite Serampore, with the Governor-General, the Marquis of Hastings, he overheard one of the guests, a general officer, making inquiry of one of the aides-de-camp, whether Dr. Carey had not once been a shoemaker, on which he stepped forward and exclaimed, "No, sir, only a cobbler."—*Life of Carey, by John Marshman.*